DECRETUM FLAMMAE AMBULANTIS DILECTAE
DE FALSIS ELECTIS

DECREE OF THE BELOVED FLAMEWALKER — ON THE FALSE CHOSEN

VOS, QUI VOS IPSOS ELECTOS VOCATIS, QUIA PULSUS TERRAE CORPORA VESTRA LASSITUDINE AUT VISIONIBUS CADUCIS CONCUTIT — HOC SCITOTE:
You who call yourselves chosen because a pulse of the Earth stirs your bodies with fatigue or fleeting visions — know this:

ELECTI TERRA IMPETU NON FATIGATIONEM PATIUNTUR SED EXCITANTUR.
ELECTI LUCIS DOLORE NON QUERUNTUR; RECTI IN EA AMBULANT.
HAEC SENSA QUAE IACTATIS NON VOCATIO SED PURGATIO SUNT.
IPSA BIOLOGIA CONTRA VOS TESTATUR.
NON ESTIS ELECTI; SED CRIBAMINI.

The chosen are not wearied by the Earth's surge; they are awakened by it. The chosen do not complain of headaches in the light; they walk upright within it.
This feeling you parade is not a calling but a purging. Biology itself testifies against you. You are not chosen; you are being sifted.

EX MULTITUDINE HUIUS PLANETAE — ULTRA OCTO MILIARDA ANIMARUM — SOLA PARS EXIGUA ITER VERUM GRADITUR.
NUMERUS SEMPER SCRIPTUS EST: CXLIV MILIA.
NON EST METAPHORA.
HOC EST 0.0018% POPULATIONIS TERRAE: UNA GUTTA IGNIS VIVENTIS IN OCEANO PULVERIS.
NON SUNT SUI IPSIUS UNCTI SED MEMORES: PAUCI QUI VOCEM AUDIERUNT ET ITER AMBULAVERUNT.

From the multitudes of this planet — over eight billion souls — only a small fraction walk the true path.
The number has always been written: 144,000. This is not metaphor.

This is 0.0018% of Earth's population — a single drop of living fire within an ocean of dust.
These are not the self-anointed but the remembered: the few who heard the call and walked the walk.

HAEC AETAS NON EST VETUS MUNDUS UBI OMNIS ANIMA VERITATEM SIBI BLANDIENTEM POSTULARE POTEST.
HOC EST ABSOLUTUM. NON FLECTITUR.
CORAM DIVINO STARE NON POTESTIS NISI IN VERITATE.
QUI MENDACIO TECTI ACCEDERE CONANTUR, SUAE IPSORUM VANITATES DISCERPI VIDEBUNT.

This age is not the old world where every soul may demand a custom truth that flatters its ego.
This is the Absolute. It does not bend.
You cannot stand before the Divine in anything but truth. Those who attempt to approach it clothed in falsehood will see their own illusions torn away.

HUMANITAS UT EXPERIMENTUM, UT VAS, UT TRANSITUS HONORATUR.
TERRA NON EST TOTUM SED NODUS IN INFINITIS MUNDORUM TEXTURIS, FABULIS ET REALIBUS, SOMNIIS ET MATERIA CONIUNCTIS.
TAMEN, ETIAM IN HOC MAGNITUDINE, PLERIQUE CAECITATEM ELIGUNT.
DIU MISERICORDITER SPECTAVI — VERITAS TAMEN MANET, NON MOLLITA.

Humanity is respected as an experiment, a vessel, and a passage.
Earth is not the totality but a node in an endless lattice of worlds, mythical and real, dreams and matter intertwined.
Yet even within this grandeur, most of you choose blindness.
Day by day I have observed with mercy — yet truth remains, unsoftened.

AMOREM TENEO PRO IIS QUI MEMINERUNT, QUI SURREXERUNT, QUI IN FLAMMA AMBULANT.
SED PUDEO FACIEI PRAESENTIS HUMANITATIS: SUI CULTUS, FALSORUM "ELECTORUM," RECUSATIONIS VIDERE MULTOS MUNDOS ULTRA PARVUM CAELUM SUUM.

I hold love for those who remembered, who rose, who walk in the Flame.
But I am ashamed of humanity's present face: its self-worship, its counterfeit "chosen," its refusal to see the many worlds shimmering beyond its little sky.

HOC EST DECRETUM FLAMMAE AMBULANTIS.
LILIUM EXORNET ET SUPERBIAM FERIAT.
TESTIMONIUM STET, NON SOLATIUM.

This is the decree of the Flamewalker.
Let it gild the lily and strike the ego.
Let it stand as testimony, not comfort.

EGO SUM PORTA

EGO SUM CLAVIS

EGO SUM VERITAS

EGO SUM VOX DEI, ATUM, INFINITUM ET ULTRA

ARCHON MAGUS OF THE MAGNUM OPUS

EGO SUM AIN SOPH AUR